

\$1 a Year, in Advance.

Fine Book and Job-Printing.

COMMERCIAL STATIONERY A SPECIALTY.

The Avalanche.

J. C. HANSON, LOCAL EDITOR.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1891.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Fresh Gold dust, at the City Market.

Cholera Confectionary and Cigars, at Jackson & Masters.

Andrew Love has sold his milk route to Olaf Sorenson.

Messrs. Jackson & Master handle the Western Cottage Organ.

J. Staley returned from his trip to the U. P. last Friday.

Simpson has just received an invoice of fresh cheese, at the City Market.

Mrs. S. G. Taylor returned from her visit to Bay View, last Saturday.

Cab Photos, \$2.50 per doz., at the Grayling Gallery.

F. L. Barker went to Detroit last Saturday for a ten days visit.

If you like good Cheese, go the store of Claggett & Pringle.

W. McCullough took in the Encampment at Detroit, this week.

The largest assortment of Fans, from 5 cents up, at Claggett & Pringle's.

There are 30 cases of typhoid fever in Lansing and the list is growing.

The AVANTAGE and Detroit Tribune, one year, for a dollar and a half.

Sanilac county farmers have sold so far 342,000 pounds of wool.

Highway Tax Receipts, for sale at this office.

A starch factory is talked of in West Bay City.

A fine line of White Goods and Embroideries at Claggett & Pringle's.

Mrs. Joseph Patterson has been enjoying a visit from her brother the past week.

Buy your drugs and medicines of L. Fournier, registered pharmacist.

Rev. S. G. Taylor passed through Grayling, last Saturday on his way to Detroit, by way of Owosso.

Highway Tax Receipts, for sale at this office.

It is now estimated that over \$1,000,000 will be paid in Allegan county for this year's peach crop.

For a good clock, at a low price call on G. W. Smith.

It is now reported that the railroad entering Owosso will combine and build an elegant union depot.

Go to Claggett & Pringle's for fresh Butter and Eggs.

The paper pulp mill at Alpena shipped 133,000 pounds of their product to different places last week.

For a glass of delicious Ice Cream Soda Water, call at Fournier's.

Mortley had a frost Thursday night that did lots of damage to the growing crops.

Highway Tax Receipts, for sale at this office.

The number of farms and homes covered by mortgages in the United States is 2,491,930.

The best Pickles in town are found at Simpson's City Market.

It is estimated that 13,000 persons will be at the Bay View encampment.

G. W. Smith makes a specialty of emblematized pins and charms. Prices reasonable. Try him.

Mrs. Stevens, of Bay City, sister of Mrs. Chas. Troumbley left for her home, last Friday.

Now is the time to purchase a Sun Umbrella. You will find a complete line at Claggett & Pringle's.

You can buy the Peerless Pants and Overalls at Claggett & Pringle's. They are warranted not to rip.

Jim Hartcourt, who shot Dan Dunn, has retained some Bay City lawyer to conduct his defense.

Take your Watches, Clocks and Jewelry to G. W. Smith, the Jeweler, for repairs. All work warranted.

Sanilac county had a frost Monday and Tuesday nights, but little damage was done.

Ladies clean your kid gloves with Mother's glove cleaner, for sale only at Fournier's Drug Store.

St. Ignace people will circulate 100,000 copies of a folder advertising the town as a summer resort.

If you want your tinware repaired, take it to J. F. Kelley, at the Mitchell building.

Claggett & Pringle sell the best \$2.00 Shoes in town, either Ladies' or Gents'. Call and see them.

There are between four and five hundred guests at the Grand hotel, Mackinaw Island.

Do you know that your subscription to the AVANTAGE is past due? Come with your \$5.

Mrs. Groulough went to Manistee last Saturday, on a visit to friends in that city.

Mrs. W. S. Chalker is enjoying a visit from her mother, who resides at Life Lake.

Eugene Thayer, now of Owosso, was in town visiting old friends, over Sunday. He was on his way home from Mackinaw and Bay View.

If you want a first-class Sewing Machine, buy the American or Domestic of Jackson & Masters.

W. Peacock has given up the old cart, and trots out one of those dandy Harrison wagons.

The best 35 cent Tea in town, or 3 pounds for \$1.00, at the store of Claggett & Pringle.

Mrs. Lizzy Bradley began teaching the fall term of school, in the Webb district in Frederic, last Monday.

Claggett & Pringle make a specialty of Ladies' Hosiery, from 5 cents up. Please call and examine.

Mrs. Pleasant and Isabella county came in for its share of frost Thursday night, damages being reported on all hands.

Ladies don't fail to see the feather-bone Corset and Waist, at the store of Claggett & Pringle. Something that will not break.

Owosso has seven stores and 40 houses in the process of completion and is happy. Last year over 500 houses were built.

None but the purest drugs and chemicals used in dispensing. Physicians' prescriptions, and family recipes, at the lowest prices, L. Fournier.

Holland had a slight frost the 27th, and by so doing makes complete a year, no month of which has been without a frost.

Hudson seems to have a call on hail storms, another one, the third of the summer, striking the place Thursday and doing a lot of damage.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Those new Aristotypes are beauties. Call at Bonnell's and see them. Only \$3.50 per dozen.

The publication of the "tax sales" for Mountmorency county this year has been awarded to the Hillman Telegraph.

Experienced and Registered Pharmacists of many years standing, ready to wait on the wants of my patrons. L. Fournier.

Bay City people have appointed a committee to confer with the Ohio man who proposes to build a railroad to Port Huron.

G. W. Smith has just received a large assortment of Clocks, of different styles, which he will sell at low figures.

The contract for building the new \$16,000 Court House at Grayling has been let to A. J. Ward, of Flint. The bonds were sold for \$12,050.

The Royal hay-rake is for sale here, and is the best in the market, but if it doesn't rain soon, a fine tooth comb is all that will be needed this year.

Advertisers are notified that hereafter no standing advertisements will be changed later than Tuesday, and locals should be handed in by Tuesday afternoon.

Lake City, the county seat of Missaukee county, is a growing village and has indications of nourishing what will be a big boom one of these days.

Every Man, Woman, and Child should buy their shoes at Claggett & Pringle's. A large assortment and prices rock bottom.

A new married couple afforded lots of amusement to passengers on the City of Mackinaw during a recent trip.

J. F. Kelley, tinsmith, is prepared to do all kinds of work in the way of repairing. Use trawls and spouting put up at lowest rates.

Wm. Sinclair, of Osceola, employed in Louda mill, stepped too close to a chain wound spindle yesterday and had his leg caught and ground off.

M. Simpson has just received a full line of Canned Goods, Teas, Coffees, Flour, &c., at the City Market on Cedar Street. He can supply your tables better than any store.

Wm. Peacock, of Grove, ran onto three bears, near his place last Friday night. Having his rifle he secured the old one, but the others got away.

John Flent came down from Bagley, last Saturday night and went with the Post to the National Encampment, at Detroit.

Eugene Thayer, of Owosso, was in town last week. He is well pleased with his new location, and looks as if city life agreed with him.

Dr. W. H. Niles, of Osceola county, was in town Saturday. He reports a much lighter frost at his place, than here.

Mrs. Frank Petee started for Cleveland, Ohio, last Monday morning, for a two weeks visit among friends in that city.

Jack Kehoe, the Manistee saloon-keeper who murdered his mother-in-law in cold blood and attempted to kill his wife, has been bound over for trial without bail.

A great addition to Niles business industries is the new wood pulp manufactory which will be completed December first, and has a ground extent of 108 by 221.

Adelbert Taylor and Geo. W. Walton returned from a trip to Virginia, last week. Mr. Taylor says like all country, it has its drawbacks and he is willing to stay in Grayling.

The Silver Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, was stupendous. It was too large for Detroit. Too large for us, and too large for anything from us in this week's issue.

J. F. Kelley, a tinsmith, has opened a shop in the Mitchell building, next door to the Post Office, where he will attend to all work in his line with promptness and dispatch. Prices reasonable.

Miss Nora Masters desires a class in painting. She is prepared to teach Oil, Water Color and Crayon.

Will also instruct a class in Free hand drawing.

Any one wishing to take will please make the necessary arrangements at once.

Eugene B. Thayer, of Owosso, was in town over Sunday visiting his brother. He was on his way to Mackinaw and the Bay View summer resort. —West Branch Herald.

The Osceola Co. Herald, says one of their Tailors had a severe attack of Cholera infantum last week, and that their photographic artist goes round the country tickling the school marms.

Miss Tillie Hanson accompanied her father to Obehegan last week, coming home by the lake, viz Alpena, Osceola and Tawas, combining pleasure with business.

D. Trotter, who has been visiting the cities of Toledo, Cleveland and Buffalo, in the interest of Messrs. Salting, Hanson & Co., returned last Saturday morning.

We understand. The House recently purchased by H. Joseph will be remodeled inside, also new additions. It will in every respect be a convenient house.

Mrs. Dr. S. Revell has moved into the village and the old homestead is without a tenant as James has built a house and moved on his hardwood farm. —Ros. News.

A state exchange says that seven converts were numbered at Tinker's, last Sunday. That combination of tinker and his dam does not often occur in as happy a connection as this.

E. M. Roffee presented the Presbyterian Church with a couple of collection plates last week. The wear and tear on hat crowns is now diminished, and the collections have thereby increased.

The new Aristotypes are bound to go. Combining superior beauty of detail, high enamel finish, and much greater permanency. It is a decided advance in Photography.

Bonnell makes them, \$3.50 per doz.

Good care of good sheep will usually make the business of sheep breeding and growing profitable. A great deal of failure in the business is the result of no intelligent effort to make it successful.

An exchange says: "The ram is of considerable importance in the flock." Well yes, we guess that is true. The flockmasters of the country would be in a bad plight if it were not for such editorial utterance as that.

Peter Holst, drunk and disorderly, was before Justice Woodburn, last Thursday. He was fined five dollars and cost, and proceeded down town to set her up again.

Robert McDonald, sent to Jackson prison for two years for assaulting a woman, was arrested in the afternoon for attempting a similar crime on a 16-year-old Jackson girl.

The two entertainments given at the Opera house, last week by the Danek sisters, were very pleasant and gave evidence of a great deal of conscientious work in the drilling of the seventy little ones who took part. The young ladies are to be commended.

We imagine that every farmer in Crawford county wore the "Blue" last Friday morning, with the mercury registered at 30° and the total rainfall for the month only .35 of an inch. Corn, potatoes, buckwheat and millet were all dressed in mourning.

The sympathy of all the G. A. R. comrades will flow toward Capt. Jas. A. Green. He was the most active of all in raising a fund to take U. S. Grant post to Detroit in Good Style, and since he had a stroke of paralysis it seems probable that he will be deprived of the pleasure of attending the encampment himself. —Bay City Tribune.

Robert Barney was engaged with a cant hook in putting a belt on an emery wheel at Blanchard's mill in Roscommon. The hook caught in his mouth and the handle in the spokes of the wheel. When Barney was able to realize what had happened, he found the corner of his mouth torn clear to his ear. —Bay City Times.

Persons who patronize papers should not put off paying promptly, for the pecuniary prosperity of the press has peculiar power in pushing along public prosperity. If the printer be paid promptly, and his pocket-book kept plenteous by prompt-paying patrons, he will play his pen in peace, make his paragraphs more pointed, paint the pictures of passing events in more pleasant colors, and thus the perusal of his paper be a pleasure to the people. Please place this piece of proverbial philosophy in some place where all persons can perceive and profit thereby. —Washington Press.

Last week Augustus Emery, of Denton township, Crawford county, missed one of his cows. He found her Monday in the cellar of an old house on P. W. Pruden's old homestead, lying on her back dead, she having gone into the house to get away from the flies, and the cellar being open fall in. —Bay City Press.

As the season advances the shortage of the hay crop becomes more and more apparent. The farmers all say that never before have they seen such a light crop of hay in the county. It is safe to predict that in this week of woods hay will be scarce at \$20 per ton next winter. —Alcona Tribune.

Reports to the state board of health show diarrhea, rheumatism, neuralgia, bronchitis, in the order named, causing most sickness in Michigan during the week ending July 25. Diphtheria is reported at twenty-two places, scarlet fever at twenty-seven, and typhoid fever at twenty-two.

The Century.

THE CENTURY for August has a double frontispiece consisting of portraits of the Emperor and Empress of Germany to accompany a candidly written paper of personal interest, by Count Bismarck, on the German Emperor, being a sketch of the first three years of his reign.

A unique paper contributed by Gustav Kobbe deals with "Life on the South Sea Islands", which, year in and year out, is anchored twenty-four miles seaward of Nantucket.

The artist Pannell contributes an illustrated paper on "Play in Provence", the subject being "The Grand Arrival of the Bulls", and "The Ferrade", in the neighborhood of Arles.

To the California series Willard B. Farwell contributes a paper on the Cape Horn Route, largely employed by the Argonauts in the early days of 1849, his narrative being the record of a cooperative mining association which sailed in the *Edward Everett*.

Adapting itself to the summer season, THE CENTURY presents four short stories—"White Crown", by Herbert D. Ward; "The Little Renault", by Mary Hartwell Catherwood; "A Common Story", by Willcott Balestier; and "The Crown and the Missionary", by Viola Roseboro. In addition to these are the chapters of "The Squirrel Inn", by Frank R. Stockton, and "The Faith Doctor", by Edward Eggleston.

"The Press as a News Gatherer" is the subject of a paper by William Henry Smith, manager of the Associated Press, and is the first of several separate papers on journalism which are to appear in THE CENTURY.

The literary feature of the number is a paper by Rev. Henry van Dyke, "On the Study of Tennyson", in which he includes a very useful classification of Tennyson's poems.

A full-page engraving of Alexander Harrison's painting, "Le Crepuscule", is followed in "Open Letters" by some account of the artist by W. A. Coffin. "Open Letters" also contain a reply by J. T. Berry, an ex-Confederate, to General T. A. Dodge's paper on "Valley and Skill in the Civil War", to which General Dodge makes brief rejoinder.

"The Argentine Cheap Money Paradise" is discussed editorially in "Topics of the Time", this being the sixth of the financial series, and it is believed great disaster.

Poems are contributed by Louise Chandler Moulton, William H. Mayne, L. Gray Noble, Stuart Sterne, Robert Burns Wilson, and Charles G. D. Roberts; and in "Bitter-Brace", by J. A. Macon, C. F. Coburn, E. W. McGlasson, J. K. Bange, G. Horton, W. P. Carter, E. B. Ripley, Edith M. Thomas, and P. Newell.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by H. C. THATCHER.

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jessie Middleton, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Trouble. Was given up by the doctor. Am now in free of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at Dr. H. C. THATCHER'S Drug Store.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters and the same song of praise. A pure medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, and will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and prevent its return. Cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Consumption and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cents, and 1.00 per bottle at H. C. THATCHER'S Drug Store. 5

For Rent.

Good opening for a Shoemaker. I will rent the shop formerly occupied by C. O. McCullough. Call on E. M. Roffee or Wm. Woodburn, for terms and etc.

Public Notice.

The annual meeting of the Crawford County Farmer's Association will be held at the Odell school house, on Saturday, August 8th, 1891, at 2 o'clock p. m. It is desirable that each township should be represented, as important business is to be transacted.

By order of the President,

Mrs. JANE WISNER, Sec.

Extraordinary Offer.

Every subscriber to the AVANTAGE who has paid in advance can have the DETROIT TRIBUNE

ONE YEAR FOR FIFTY CENTS.

The Tribune has moved to the front place in Michigan Journalism and is without doubt the best weekly paper for Michigan readers.

Call and see sample copy.

More Pensions and Bounty.

A gentleman representing Milo B. Stevens & Co., of Washington, D. C., and Detroit, Mich., can be seen at the Ruple House, Roscommon, Monday, August 10th, at the Grayling House, Grayling, Tuesday, August 11th, by persons desiring information concerning pensions, bounties, etc., or having claims which they desire to have prosecuted by said attorneys.

Fee in STRAIGHT INCREASE claims reduced by law to \$2.00.

Wanted

Saving for Portable Mill, capacity, 10 to 12 M. per day.

E. A. STIMSON.

ST. CHARLES, MICH.

Teacher's Examination.

THE next regular Teacher's Examination for Crawford County, will be held at the Court House, in the village of Grayling, on Thursday, August 8th, commencing at 8:30 a. m. Standard Time. JOS. PATTERSON, Sec.

For Sale.

10 Horses, 4 Buggies, House and four lots, all at a bargain. Inquire at John Rasmussen's Livery stable, on Cedar Street.

For Sale.

I WILL SELL any of my houses or lots on favorable terms. For particular information, call on

JOSEPH CHARRON.

May 3, t. f.

For Sale.

A GOOD House and two lots with large barn, and two vacant lots, will be sold at a bargain. This property is as desirably located as any in this village. Inquire at this office or of Christian Range.

Gunsmith Shop.

I will open up the old blacksmith shop near the bridge, where I will make and repair guns, and do other fine work in my line. Repairing of machinery a specialty. Terms reasonable. Give me a call.

H. B. WILLIAMS.

Aug. 18th, '87.

LAND OFFICE Publications.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, to wit: That said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at Grayling, on September 4th, 1891.

John Archibald McNeir, Homestead, Section No. 33, of the N. E. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4, Sec. 6, T. 36, N. 3 W. 3.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Philip Mochler, Stephen Knight, Charles P. Robinson and Edward Owen, all of Grayling, Michigan.

OSCAR PALMER, REGISTER.

Sept. 3, 1891.

PATENTS

Caution and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Inventors, by C. A. SNOW & CO., Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Notice.

Twenty-third Judicial Circuit.—In Chancery.

Hattie S. Breed, Complainant, vs. Edward S. Breed, Defendant.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Crawford, in Chancery, at Grayling, Michigan, on the 18th day of May, A. D. 1891.

IN this cause it appearing from affidavit on file and the return of the Sheriff of said County, that the defendant, Edward S. Breed, is not a resident of this State, that his last known place of residence was in the State of Missouri, and that his whereabouts are unknown. On motion of Geo. L. Alexander, complainant's solicitor, it is ordered that the appearance of said non-resident defendant, Edward S. Breed, be entered herein, within five months from the date of this order, in answer to the bill of complaint, and that a copy thereof be served on the complainant's solicitor, within twenty days after service upon him, of a copy of said bill, and notice of this order; and that in default thereof, said bill will be taken as confessed by said non-resident defendant. And it is further ordered that within twenty days the complainant cause notice of this order to be published in the Crawford AVANTAGE a newspaper printed, published and circulated in said county, and that said publication be continued therein, once in each week, for six weeks in succession, or that he cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said non-resident defendant, at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for his appearance.

WILLIAM T. RIMMON, Circuit Judge.

June 4, 1891.

DO NOT FORGET THIS!

When you are in need of anything in the line of DRUGS, MEDICINES

SCHOOL SUPPLIES,

Stationery or TOILET ARTICLES,

It will Pay you to Call and see me

AT THE CORNER DRUG STORE.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

L. FOURNIER,

Grayling, Michigan.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

(NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE.)

GOING NORTH.

Exp. Mail. Accommodation.

P. M. A. M. A. M.

Detroit, Iv. 7:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m. 11:00 a. m.

Chicago, Ill. 7:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m. 11:00 a. m.

Bay City, 7:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m. 11:00 a. m.

Grayling, Arr. 2:40 2:00 p. m. 3:00 p. m.

Grayling, Dep. 2:40 2:00 p. m. 3:00 p. m.

Mackinaw City, 6:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m. 10:00 a. m.

SOUTH.

P. M. P. M. A. M.

Mackinaw City, 9:45 9:00 10:00

Grayling, Arr. 1:45 12:05 1:00

Grayling, Dep. 1:45 12:05 1:00

Grayling, Arr. 6:25 6:45 7:05

Detroit, Iv. 11:20 a. m. 9:40 p. m.

Chicago, Ill. 11:20 a. m. 9:40 p. m.

Bay City,

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRATLING, MICHIGAN.

IN A SHIP'S STEERAGE.

ACROSS THE OCEAN ON A SECOND-CLASS TICKET.

Experience of a Passenger Who Tried to
Come to America on a Ship.

HAVE spent twelve days in the steerage of an emigrant ship, and I am still alive.

The steerage of an emigrant ship is a place where even though it be on an Atlantic liner is a by no means palatial abode, and the consorting to and fro of various and sundry strangers for days in a confined space must be productive of many incidents of both humor and pathos.

Therefore, I determined to make my return trip to America, after five weeks' holiday in Europe, a means of observation and profit—I cannot now say pleasure.

Consigning my baggage to the care of a friend who traveled by the same ship, I content myself with the roughest suit of clothes I can find, and armed with a huge bundle, consisting of a mattress, a heavy rug, a brush and comb, towel and soap, tin cup, two tin plates, a knife, fork and spoon, I embark upon the tender at Prince's Landing, Liverpool, England, and amidst an uncomfortable crowd of people and baggage, I find myself on my way to "the ship that was to carry me over."

At last we reach her, and I mount to the upper deck, having my bundle thrown up after me, in a very unceremonious manner.

I already begin to realize that I am not feeling very happy. I trust my bundle and look around. "Down stairs," says a gruff voice, and another unceremonious shove brings me opposite a rickety-looking ladder, down which I have to climb. My meagre baggage causes me rather to fall than walk down, and when I reach the lower deck I sit on the bundle and sigh.

I haven't been sitting there a minute before I get another ungentle shove, and I am told to "get up, you lazy fellow."

"What?" I gasp, "more descent?" Then I look down a large opening into what I thought was a "bottom" of cargo or cattle, and I see more rickety ladders with iron guides, and I almost weep as I land on the first step and roll down the rest.

"Is this the steerage?" I ask.
"Yes, get your trunk," is the reply.
"Get your trunk?" I murmur, plaintively; "but where am I to get it?"

Armed with my soap and towel, I mount the ladder, walk about thirty yards, and join five others who are washing at an iron tank filled with water from a tank. Perfect abstinence is out of the question. I am crowded away the moment I touch the water, and the ball rines for breakfast before I am properly dry.

At 12:30 we are rung for our Sunday dinner. This consists of soup, boiled beef (from which the previous soup has evidently been made, for there is not the slightest difference in the meat), potatoes in their jackets, and plum (2) pudding. Here again it is manifest that quantity gives full place to quality. It is also evident that we must scramble for our food.

The dinner is in large tin panned on the floor with a ladle for self-help. The beef is brought round in another tin from which the steward extracts it, partly with a fork and partly with his tin. The potatoes arrive in another big tin. Each grabs as many as he can get, and when one is satisfied he throws a few along the corridor to his friends.

But methods and no manners rule the steerage. They are herded like beasts and they act as such.

On Monday we have porridge for breakfast. In addition to the coffee, etc. I have been wondering all along who cleaned our cups and plates. I am now convinced that it was done by the stewards. Not a bit of it. Louis has been quietly doing mine, but this morning Louis is still slumbering, and I learn that every emigrant washes his own dishes, going to the cook's galley for warm water for that purpose. Another bit of ignominy for me, but I have to take it in with the rest.

Every morning after breakfast all steerage passengers must get upon deck while the doctor makes an inspection of the compartments.

A se-fopinionated little fellow is this doctor, who seems to imagine that his place is there for no other purpose than to keep his mustache in order and full view. I ask him for some cold liver oil.

"Why don't you bring your own cod liver oil?" he replies.

I venture to suggest that I don't keep a drug store.

"Neither do I. Passengers bring their own."

"At last! I am a passenger!" at any rate, I had begun to think I was only a thing.

Later on I remarked that a self-diff powder would be useful, at which inattention he slammed the door in my face.

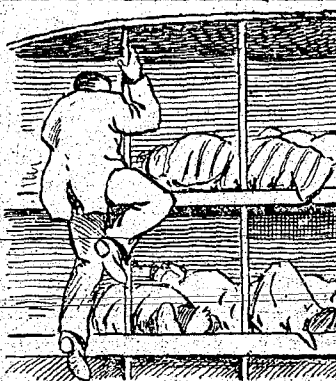
I find that the men of the steerage daily give the doctor a tongue-lashing, and that everybody on board hates him. However, after dinner to day he has a "chance to show his brutality."

We are all mustered down stairs, and those who are vaccinated receive tickets, "VACCINATION" BEING THIS.

Those who are not vaccinated have to pass under this brutal scalpel's hands. He just gives them a dig or two roughly

All around me are what appear to be innumerable canvas shades, seven feet wide, two covering the space between roof and floor. At intervals between these shades are seven doorways, each representing the entrance to a compartment, and each compartment containing a double tier of bunks on either side, with a three-foot passage down the center. These seven compartments are arranged to hold two hundred and twenty human beings—one hundred and fourteen on the starboard—but only one hundred and eight on the port side, the remaining space here being occupied by the steerage stewards.

I grope my way into the center compartment on the port side. Already snoring music has begun, and I wonder if I shall have to endure these sounds night after night. Luckily my bunk isn't there. I try the next and behold that I have found my domicile at last. I start to climb up to an apparently empty bunk, and am quickly lifted by a concealed foot-onto the other side.



THE STEERAGE DECK.

This isn't pleasant. I scramble down and out and determine not to stay there even if I have the right to. I try, third, and this time success rewards me. I start to undress, and wonder where I shall hang my clothes. No nails, no hooks, no spars for anything but my aching form. I am compelled to do the best I can, by using and using them as a pillow, keeping on the rest of my clothes until I have time to watch how the others manage. Oh, for a soft board in a precinct cell in preference to this!

I toss about in agony, and so I try myself by turning and twisting that I am almost doing when two hilarious beings enter shouting a London comic song, and I am told to "get up, you lazy fellow."

I venture to disagree with their opinions of themselves, and come very near getting my head punched, but luckily one of the enthusiasts is my neighbor, Louis. He pelts me with a crawling all over me, and goes off to sleep after telling his life history to himself in a maddled tone. Then I do manage to indulge in a few light slumbers, and gladly arise at 6 o'clock to prepare for breakfast.

Armed with my soap and towel, I mount the ladder, walk about thirty yards, and join five others who are washing at an iron tank filled with water from a tank. Perfect abstinence is out of the question. I am crowded away the moment I touch the water, and the ball rines for breakfast before I am properly dry.

At 12:30 we are rung for our Sunday dinner. This consists of soup, boiled beef (from which the previous soup has evidently been made, for there is not the slightest difference in the meat), potatoes in their jackets, and plum (2) pudding. Here again it is manifest that quantity gives full place to quality. It is also evident that we must scramble for our food.

The dinner is in large tin panned on the floor with a ladle for self-help. The beef is brought round in another tin from which the steward extracts it, partly with a fork and partly with his tin. The potatoes arrive in another big tin. Each grabs as many as he can get, and when one is satisfied he throws a few along the corridor to his friends.

But methods and no manners rule the steerage. They are herded like beasts and they act as such.

On Monday we have porridge for breakfast. In addition to the coffee, etc. I have been wondering all along who cleaned our cups and plates. I am now convinced that it was done by the stewards. Not a bit of it. Louis has been quietly doing mine, but this morning Louis is still slumbering, and I learn that every emigrant washes his own dishes, going to the cook's galley for warm water for that purpose. Another bit of ignominy for me, but I have to take it in with the rest.

Every morning after breakfast all steerage passengers must get upon deck while the doctor makes an inspection of the compartments.

A se-fopinionated little fellow is this doctor, who seems to imagine that his place is there for no other purpose than to keep his mustache in order and full view. I ask him for some cold liver oil.

"Why don't you bring your own cod liver oil?" he replies.

I venture to suggest that I don't keep a drug store.

"Neither do I. Passengers bring their own."

"At last! I am a passenger!" at any rate, I had begun to think I was only a thing.

Later on I remarked that a self-diff powder would be useful, at which inattention he slammed the door in my face.

I find that the men of the steerage daily give the doctor a tongue-lashing, and that everybody on board hates him. However, after dinner to day he has a "chance to show his brutality."

We are all mustered down stairs, and those who are vaccinated receive tickets, "VACCINATION" BEING THIS.

Those who are not vaccinated have to pass under this brutal scalpel's hands. He just gives them a dig or two roughly

with the knife, and shoves them on to make way for the next.

Our dinner to-day consists of soup, corned beef, and potatoes. This is the menu for Monday, Tuesday and Saturday, while soup, salt cod and potatoes serve for Tuesday and Friday. Wednesday has a specialty to itself in soup, hot boiled beef and potatoes. All very thriving, if it were not thrown at us.

Every afternoon the women bring out their own tea and go to the galley for hot water in their tea-pots. Then they have a feast, after which they sit inside just over the engine boilers and warm themselves and dry their clothes at this same fire.

I get a great idea of the Englishman's ignorance of mixed drinks when I go to the bartender for a brandy and soda. I astonish him by asking for a piece of ice in it. He solemnly aces, and I walk away to get it.

Half an hour afterward I return and call for another B. and S. He fills up the glass and I again ask him for ice.

He stares at me and says: "Why, where is the piece of ice you had just now?"

Things run very much the same until our second Sunday night, then the bar being closed for a very long time, the whole gang of Irishmen assemble in front of it, and form themselves into a Coney-island choir. The tunes are very quaint, but the voices seem interlarded, and the vigor of the vocalists rather repels than attracts.

By and by the Scandinavians seize the opportunity of a full and start the choir, but still more unimpaired voices—that is, the rendition is unmusical because it embraces too many contrary keys. Then the Irish get renewed energy, and start again. But the Scandinavians won't give in, so the result is a general pandemonium—and no bar.

But when all have tired themselves out and dwindled away, the actual Louis quickly seizes the bar window and tips it. It is opened, and Louis says, with a tearful innocence: "I didn't say a word!"

On Tuesday I retire suitably for we are due in New York Wednesday.

received by several thousand persons, who extended a hearty welcome. The council, the provost and the town band aided in the festivities, and the oration went far to heal the wounded feelings of the baronet, Lady Middleton, sister of the groom, and the bride.

Allyre, accompanied the bride party and added to the oclat with which Sir William and his party were welcomed.

Wollaton Hall, where Sir William and Lady Gordon-Cumming spent the first days of their honeymoon, is one of the most perfect specimens of English domestic architecture in Great Britain.

For more than three centuries the old castle, biased the storms which have swept across the islands, and scarcely a stone has crumbled in all those years. The halls were the old-fashioned society king and his bride sought refuge from the harsh world hanging with the train of many a mail-clad knight and about the tower turret and battlements have been fought and won.

When the Armada sailed from the coast of Spain the castle stood complete. It was finished in 1583 by Sir P. Willoughby, eight years being consumed in the building. The material was brought from Lincolnshire on pack-horses, and changed for coal found on the estate.

During the reform riots of 1831 the house was threatened with the fate of Nottingham Castle, but the brave women who went to the rescue drove back the advancing mob and saved the gray walls from destruction. The park, comprising 750 acres of undulating, beautiful wooded land, is on the edge of Nottingham. A beautiful winding avenue of lofty limes leads from the gates to the hall, and here the

surrounding the park is a massive brick wall, which excludes the interior from the vulgar gaze, and on which, tradition says, one man spent the entire period of his apprenticeship.

The thought flashed across his mind that Burr might not care to be confronted with the sight of the features of the man he had slain. But no. He instinctively turned away, he walked up to it and said in a loud tone: "Ah, here is Hamilton!" Then passing his fingers along certain lines of the face, he added: "There was 'this poster' Hamilton's contemporaries gave him credit for possessing a poetic mind, though his writings betray no trace of poetry, but, on the contrary, are as ineffectual as Euclid."—Atlanta Constitution.

Blasting Paper.

The preparation of paper so that it may be used as a blasting material for tearing down ledges, blowing up buildings, or even firing cannon, is described as follows by a writer in the Paper Trade Journal. Almost any good sized paper can be made into an explosive compound by coating it with a hot mixture of yellow prussiate of potash and charcoal. Take each of these, 17 parts; mix with refined saltpetre, 35 parts; chloride of potassium, 70 parts; wheat starch, 10 parts; and water, 1,500 parts. When the mixture is dissolved in the water, they form a clear solution in the water. Dry the paper and soak it in the solution until it is thoroughly wet. It then may be dried, rolled into cartridges and fired in the ordinary manner, either with a fuse or with snuffing caps similar to those used in firing cannon or dynamite when used in blasting ledges.

Blasting paper is especially useful in operating the gunpowder pile driver, as several thicknesses of the explosive paper may be placed on top of the timber together with an explosive cap and fired by impact of the ram as it falls from the previous stroke. Cartridges of this paper may be rolled up of any desired size, and are very handy when blasting a wheel pit or flume, as the size to fill the drill hole.

Playing on the Ruins.

"These foremen must be a frivolous set," said Mr. Spillkins, who was reading a paper.

"Why so?"

"I read in the paper that after a fire was under control the foremen played all night on the ruins. Why didn't they go home and go to bed like sensible men, instead of romping about like children?"—Texas Sittings.

WHERE SIR GORDON LIVES.

How Cumming and His American Bride Passed Their Honeymoon.

The notorious haccarat scandal, which lately set all the world agog and shook the greatest throne of modern



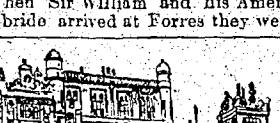
WOLLATON HALL.

era times to the foundation, has thrown a glamour of romantic interest about the belongings of the principal actor in the scene, the unfortunate Sir William Gordon-Cumming.

The accompanying notes give an excellent idea of the appearance of two of the gentleman's favorite haunts—Allyre, at Forres, in the north of Scotland, and Wollaton Hall, Lord Middleton's seat in Nottingham. Allyre is a fine old mansion, about which center many memories of times long gone by.

"How far is it called to Forres?" inquired Banquo of Macbeth, and the query of the original of the famous speech has been repeated, with variations and additions, ever since the skeleton has been discovered in the closet of the popular baronet. The town of Forres is on the highway to the Inverness, and is very popular among tourists. The principal objects of interest are a Nelson monument, erected on the summit of the Cluny hill, an elevation to the east of the town, a hydrophilic establishment, and a massive, repudiatory stone bearing curious prehistoric hieroglyphs.

When Sir William and his American bride arrived at Forres they were



WOLLATON HALL.

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Starting Treason.

"These symptoms would soon leave you," said the physician, "if you would get up early in the morning, put on a pair of stout walking shoes, and go out for a tramp."

"Go out for a tramp!" echoed the astonished lady. "Why, doctor, there's a dozen of the creatures at my kitchen door every day in the year!"

faith in this belief is somewhat shaken by the following, which may be found in Wood's "Natural History." According to popular belief, these three creatures live very harmoniously together; but observation has shown that the snake and the owl are interlopers, living in the burrow because the poor owner cannot turn them out and finding an easy subsistence off the young prairie dogs.

We were confounded with this for a time, but judge the astonishment created when Elliot Comes, in one of his latest writings, makes the following statement in speaking of the burrowing owl: "I have found colonies in Kansas and other States all cases occupying the deserted burrows of the quadrupeds, not living in common with them, usually supposed."

Naturalists are now telling us that the opossum does not play possum, but is merely paralyzed with fear for the time being; articles are published every day in our ornithological papers and magazines which go to prove that owls can see as well by day as by night. It is still an undecided question whether snakes "charm" their prey or not. In the Western backwoods these old stories are still believed in, the ignorant classes cling with fondness to them and will not learn anything different, and down in our hearts do we not all of us cling to them, or less? Do we not still think that cowardice has nothing whatever to do with it. Why cowardice? There was no courage wanted to tear off your coat and wrap it around the burning drapery of the unfortunate woman.

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will prove to be waiting more and more as we depart more and more from the primitive conditions of man, which is one of being always hunted for food by wild beasts, always hunting for food by wild beasts, always fighting. In that condition man is full of courage, contrivance, a thousand stratagems, and meets a thousand dangers. Remove from him the habit of hunting and the necessity of fighting. Make his life assured and easy, and he will infallibly lose the readiness and the resource of the wild man.

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SEEKING BLAINE'S LIFE.

His Illness Causes Enterprising Biographers to Hunt.

Since the beginning of Mr. Blaine's illness, biographers have industriously scoured the departments in Washington, looking for data which would aid in making an interesting story of his life. Reports, which have probably been magnified, of his continued illness at Bar Harbor, are the immediate cause of starting these enterprising gentlemen a-going. There are more than a dozen men at work looking up the life and preparing biographies, and the demand for photographs of Mr. Blaine for several weeks past has never been so great since the campaign of '84.

Mr. Blaine looks quite well when he is sitting down, propped up by the big down pillows and covered up almost to the chin with Mrs. Blaine's old gray wadded shawl; but when he goes to walk and kind of loses his equilibrium, he doesn't look so well as a really well man. He had a bad stroke of paralysis about this time last year, which his physicians said was caused by overwork, and this is offered as one solution to his present ill health.

He has been sick, very sick, but the reports of his condition have been greatly exaggerated. He couldn't have all the symptoms of a nervous malady, be shallow almost like a corpse, shrank like a paralytic, bilious and troubled with insomnia, and be an entirely well man; and while the ailments have not obliged him to keep in bed every hour of the day, they are not just the

starest symptoms of long life for an overworked man to ease his mind over.

Sitting on the piazza of the Blaine cottage at Bar Harbor, the writer got an excellent peep into the inner rooms of the villa. The doors were all thrown open, for the weather was extra warm, and Mrs. Blaine has been having plenty of pure air in the house.

The house is entered by a partial glass and partial solid wood entrance, reached by four steps. Just inside a large hall is seen. It is square like a room, and serves as a reception-room for callers. Oak benches are on either side, and it is here the unlucky visitors who are not intimates are left to await their refusals.

JERRY RUSK'S DAUGHTER.

The charming young woman who is the daughter of the Secretary of the House.

Mrs. Jerry Rusk takes more interest in her old home at Viroqua than she does in her husband's balloon-bursting experiments in the Senate or his microscopic fight with Emperor William and President Carnot as to whether the American hog shall be received at court abroad. Mrs. Rusk cares nothing about the hog, except as he appears every fall in her sausage machines or her pickle barrels. Her charming little daughter rather than her agricultural fads and tells him that she and her mother can make better butter at home and give better recipes

He Carried Them Long Enough.

Postmaster—So you would like a position as letter carrier. Have you ever had any experience?

Applicant—Yes, sir; my wife has always given me all her letters to post. You might ask her.

Three Translations.

"What do you think of this haccarat scandal?" asked Shingias.

"Haccarat," replied Dukase; "you mean haccarat, don't you?"

"Is that the way to pronounce it?" asked David.

"All right," David said, "how do you pronounce this game that the Prince of Wales and Sir William Gordon-Cumming played at Tranby Croft?"

"I pronounce it bad, sir; very bad—tough, in fact."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Relaxation.

First Boston belle—I like to talk with a New York man.

Second B. E.—Why, because you can say anything you like, you know, and he won't mind it.

Didn't Strike Him as Unusual.

Sunday School Teacher—Tommy, in this conflict of David with Goliath,

